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Prejudice

MARY CAROLINE CONOUR

Rhetoric 101, Placement Theme

FOR SEVERAL YEARS, MANY AMERICANS HAVE BEEN shaking their heads and clucking their tongues over headlines which tell of integration disputes, race incidents, and mob violence in various parts of the country. "How terrible!" we say, and then we smugly congratulate ourselves on our own enlightenment and freedom from prejudice. But just how free from prejudice are we?

Prejudice means, literally, pre-judging—that is, forming an opinion of a person, a thing, a race, or a creed before we have sufficient experience or information on which to base that opinion. Most of us would have no part in racial violence, but every day unheralded prejudice can limit our lives and hurt both us and others.

There are many incidents of race prejudice which never make the headlines. "I hear Lois is engaged to some Jew from Chicago," says one of her former classmates in a wry tone, as if the fellow is immediately classified as second-rate. "Can't you find somebody besides that Dago kid to go out with?" Katy's Irish father wants to know. Statements like these, based solely on prejudice, can be heard anytime, anywhere.

Religious prejudice in many forms is common. "I hear Sally is a Jehovah's Witness—nobody intelligent could be one of them." "A Mormon? Moron, you mean. Don't they have lots of wives?" Mary's mother tells her, "I don't want you going out with that Joe anymore. You wouldn't want your children to be pope-worshipping Catholics, would you?" Ignorance, more than anything else, is responsible for this kind of attitude.

Our everyday judgments of people are often based on anything but facts. Little Johnny's mother tries to judge his friends by what their fathers do for a living. The high school crowd avoids Jackie because she wears such odd clothes. Jim dislikes Alice at first sight because she looks like a rude and unpleasant girl he used to know. Judging people by these false values can deprive us of many potential friends.

There is virtually no one who is entirely free from prejudice. Anyone who ever has any kind of opinion of anything must admit that his opinions are sometimes hasty and unreasonable. What is important is to realize that by learning to recognize and admit our prejudices we can help ourselves to overcome them. If we learn to think twice, to criticize the ideas we have picked up from various sources and to investigate and learn the truth about people and institutions, we will broaden our own lives and help both ourselves and everyone we meet.

The Secret of Life

MARY DWYER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

THE SECRET OF LIFE IS MYSTERIOUS AND INTANGIBLE. Often I am completely unaware of its existence. Life itself, not the source or strength of it, is the reality with which I live. I live in the present, glancing frequently forward into the future and occasionally back into the past, but the present seems to be the most important. Living consists of attending to the myriad duties and activities which demand immediate attention. The body and the mind function harmoniously, neither questioning the demands made by the other.

But there are times when I unaccountably become aware of the secret of life. It seems to hover breathlessly, uncertainly, at the edge of conscious recognition. Sitting easily astride a horse, swaying with his swinging gait, feeling secure in the sureness and ease of his movement, and hearing the steady beat of his hooves on the unyielding turf, I am suddenly aware of the wind blowing freely through my hair. I toss my head arrogantly, look up into the azure sky, glance curiously at the world about me, and am filled with an exciting awareness of the earth and the heavens. Small details, such as the song of a cheerful meadowlark perched on a neighboring fence-post, the intricate network of grasses below me, or the unusual shape of a distant clump of trees, strike my consciousness with disturbing clarity. A delighted cry bursts from my throat and I kick my startled steed into a gallop. As we fly across the meadow, the earth itself seems to slip away from beneath the horse's feet, and my entire being is engulfed by ensuing waves of unbelievable joy. I feel tremendously alive! Time and the earth itself seem to be standing still, and no obstacles are too imposing to be overcome. The act of living becomes a thrilling challenge that I am willing, even eager, to accept. Then a very real obstacle, a barbed wire fence, appears in our path and my mount, having acquired none of my renewed confidence, stiffens his forelegs and slides to a stop, his muzzle mere inches from the fence. I dismount, and, carefully avoiding the panting animal's reproachful glance, open the gate.

Time and time again as the day passes, I manage to win the endless race with reality. When I return home, where the grasses are clipped short, and the sky is partially hidden and the wind diverted by various structures symbolic of civilization, I seem to lose the elusive image once again. But I do not despair, for I know that somewhere, submerged within myself, the inexplicable elation is resting, and that someday it will emerge once more.

Hate

LEE FORREST

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

THERE IS A VIOLENT AND UNHOLY EMOTION WHICH, in lower animals, manifests itself in fear and the instincts of self-preservation; in man it is called hate. It is a force of enmity, which renders its target loathsome to the creature in whom it arises. Although generally condemned by religious codes, hate is thrice-blessed when directed at the particular enemies of that code. In truth, however, it is a cretinous abortion of love, inevitably charged with degradation. Hate, uncontaminated by the gentler emotions, has as its end the utter downfall and disintegration of its target; however, it rarely exists in such pure form. Men are not usually capable of entire hate; rather they indulge in an emotional version of simple dislike. Most are quite able to smother an enemy with ill-wishes, to rejoice in his errors, and to curse him in temporary malignancy. In that temporal quality lies the difference; true hate always hates, looks forward to hate, and rejoices in past hate. It is entirely devoid of any transitory, fleeting elements and moves with time as though a part of it.

Authentic, first class hate must move its parent to much-relished dreams of violence; it must take up a weapon and enjoy the fierce bludgeoning of the hated. In its virgin state, uncorrupted by mercy, it is a member of the mind, even as the leg or ear is of the body, simple, unpretentious, ever volatile in itself. Perhaps the core of the universe is benevolent and has sealed into man a chunk of irrevocable goodness; however, no matter what the origin may be, this final kindness is to man's ultimate benefit. A society which ostensibly takes love as its basic moral precept finds total hatred a discomfiting bedfellow.

Proud of his position above the beasts of the earth, man takes pains to divest himself of any vestigial ties to his evolutionary ancestors and cannot, therefore, abide any emotion so similar to bestial instinct as hate. His judgment is no doubt near to truth, his course of action sound. If his virtues of love and sympathy develop and grow strong, his capacity for utter hatred must shrink, and he will flavor his emotions with animosity, distaste and their brothers, more amenable than hate and of a far less explosive ugliness.

To be sure, the premise that man will develop in such a commendable manner is without much effectual support. It is perhaps more likely that hate, instead of approaching sterility as man lifts himself nearer a goal of perfect goodness, will merely change its face as society contorts itself, revising hate's place therein.

Darkness at Noon

WILLIAM S. PLANK

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

IN *DARKNESS AT NOON*, ARTHUR KOESTLER HAS SUCCESSFULLY UTILIZED THE ELEMENTS OF THE NOVEL IN EXPRESSING HIS VIEWS AND FEELINGS ON ONE OF THE MAJOR PROBLEMS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. HE HAS ALSO CREATED AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING STUDY OF THE WORKINGS OF THE HUMAN MIND.

In portraying Rubashov, Koestler has created a character so vivid that we feel we are inhabiting his mind as we follow every curve and fluctuation of the tortured path of his reasoning. To the reader, Rubashov becomes a credible, living person.

However, this characterization is not the most important facet of the book. Rubashov is used as a vehicle for Koestler to convey his ideas on Communism and, more important, on morality.

Basically, his purpose is to delineate the conflict between two systems of morality. First is the Christian or humanitarian point of view in which adherence to a set of prescribed rules is a fundamental point. Second is the Communist system, the elements of which Koestler so effectively sets forth. Throughout the book, Rubashov's inner conflict between the two systems is the dominating theme. In the end his apparent choice of one of them illustrates Koestler's feelings on the subject.

Koestler asserts that in the Communist system the conventional humanitarian morality has been completely discarded, and in its place reason and logic are acclaimed as all-powerful. When an act is performed or a decision is made, no thought is given to intentions or motives. If the decision or act is judged to be logically correct and free of error, it is totally justified. If in error, it is a sin of the highest order and must be punished.

This infinite trust in the logic of the human mind is the basis for most of the principles of Communism. One problem which Rubashov is concerned with is the problem of means and ends. Since the ultimate goal of Marxist Communism is a utopian world, the Communist asserts that the use of any means to reach this ideal state is justified. However, Rubashov sees that the new generation of Communists—the “Neanderthalers”—has lost sight of this goal, and to them the ends and the means have become united.

During his forty years as an active party member, Rubashov “had burnt the remains of the old, illogical morality from his consciousness with the acid of reason.” However, in the days before his execution, he sees that this “reason” has led him to the absurdity of his public trial. This insight

raises doubts in his mind as to the intelligence of total trust in reason. Perhaps, he thinks, it is not suitable for man to carry every thought to its logical end. He seems to conclude that man cannot attain any goal with only the guidance of pure reason and the absence of "ethical ballast."

Koestler, in relating Rubashov's mental journeys, has been extremely successful in examining the pros and cons of the two moral systems and in coming to a satisfactory conclusion to the question. In addition, he has created vigorous and believable characters and a vivid picture of a prison and the miseries and hungers of its prisoners.

A Veritable Wonderland

STANLEY ANDERSON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

IT WAS ONLY AN ORDINARY BACK YARD, ILL-KEPT, FAR from beautiful, and not overly spacious. It would certainly never be approved as scientifically suited to help the child develop properly, for there were assorted rusty nails, splintered boards, and broken bottles strewn around the yard. But this was of little importance to me or my friends, for this yard was the focal point of all our childhood activities.

To the casual observer, little would set this yard off from the many others in our block. A large shade tree, a smaller cherry tree, a few fragrant lilac bushes, a shabby sand box, and a squeaky rope swing were all that the yard could boast. The casual observer could not realize that these individual objects were the embryo from which sprang, with the fertilization of our imaginations, the vast world-within-a-world which was this yard. The large shade tree with its sprawling branches was our lookout post which enabled us to be forewarned of invaders. The smaller cherry tree, which in spring was red with its sour fruit, was our jail. The fragrant lilac bushes when not covered with their violet blossoms were exotic jungles. Our shabby sandbox with its split seams spewing sand over all neighboring regions was capable of having many an identity from its vast repertory with the mere wave of a creative hand. The squeaky wooden swing with its splintered seat often fell from the grasp of the rope that held it, carrying its surprised occupant crashing with it to the ground. As our airplane, the swing acted as our transportation to any place that the yard was to be. Each of these components combined to help create the exact setting to fit our changing whims. Thus it enabled this one yard to be our ranch, our Hollywood, our spaceship, our battlefield.

This was no ordinary yard, but a veritable wonderland if one was only young and imaginative enough to realize it. Unfortunately, I no longer am, except in my memories.

Fifty Minutes

DONALD FOX

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

THE ENTRANCE OF OUR GUEST LECTURER INTO THE Hygiene 104 classroom caused absolutely no stir at all among the students. He was a gray, sixty-ish individual who wore, instead of the dentist's white uniform we expected, an unobtrusive gray suit. He seated himself silently and insinuated his voice into the background noise.

The lecture began prosaically and received the customary reaction. Some students gazed at the wonders of nature visible from the windows of the third floor; some began to doodle and write letters; a few freshmen took notes.

Then suddenly heads raised a bit. ". . . Job potential," the good doctor said, "is definitely reduced. And the reason is just that a good appearance depends on the teeth. The whole face can be put out of line and a set of gold fillings aren't a good sight." He gave us a ghost of a smile, beautiful in its 24-karat radiance.

"Malnutrition's no good either and people are starving to death all over the world on account of malocclusion," he continued. "And you need good teeth for speech, to make it intelligible—that is, easy to understand."

The heads began to droop once more, the eyes to wander, and our guest, feeling the situation slipping away from him, summoned up what he had of the vibrant tone for his next statement.

"There's no telling how many brilliant scientists and engineers and really great men have been lost to the world because of malocclusion."

As if animated by the single great cord of a puppeteer, *all* the heads bobbed up to complete attention, all eyes converged on the thin gray man at the desk. Startled slightly, he took a small breath and plunged on. In our prevailing mental state, we could absorb only fragments of his speech: ". . . Funny teeth and a funny-shaped head . . . grade school . . . ridicule by the other kids, calling him 'bucktooth' or something . . . inferiority complex and he withdraws from society . . . no incentive for higher education . . . settles for a subsistence vocation and all that genius goes down the drain."

Now he leaned forward and clasped his hands as if making supplication to the maker of us all. "Right here today, I want to take this opportunity to say to all you young people if you're not satisfied in your field, come and talk to me and look into dentistry. I got a friend, young man senior in Engineering, married with a family, and he found out he wasn't happy and now he's in Dental School in Chicago—a freshman but he's happy.

Been a terrific population explosion and we're scared because we just don't have enough trained personnel to go around. We need—the world needs—orthodonists."

There was a moment of silence; we could have heard an incisor drop. As he opened his mouth in an attempt to top himself, the bell rang.

"Thursday," he said, "we'll take up fluorides and oral hygiene."

We filed out of the classroom in respectful silence, mulling over the knowledge gleaned in the preceding fifty minutes.

Should We Prepare for a Limited War?

JOHN READ

Rhetoric 102, Theme 1

A LIMITED WAR MAY BE DEFINED AS A CONFLICT, largely tactical in nature, not involving nuclear weapons and confined to a fairly small locality. The Russians have been using the limited war as a means of testing defenses against infiltration and subversion, as well as against open assault, and as such it has been effective. However, the concept of a limited war as a device to facilitate land and power grabs has not been so successful. The Korean War was an example of this; it was an attempt to assimilate the stepping stone to Japan, the allied stronghold in the Far East. Formosa, Berlin, and parts of the Middle East have also been successful thus far in repulsing aggression. Allied support has been instrumental in frustrating all of these attempts at aggression. There have, however, also been some Russian successes, i.e., at Suez and in Indo-China.

Time is, unfortunately, on the side of the Communists. By far the greatest mass of population is under their sphere of influence, and by one way or another most of the Eastern hemisphere will be assimilated. The question is, are the Russians patient enough to merely allow their ideology to osmote (by way of the stomach) into the minds of the starving masses of Eastern Europe and Asia? Or, for that matter, will the Promoters of World Revolution be satisfied with the starving masses? Recent advances in Berlin indicate otherwise. If the objective of Communism is actually world revolution as the Communist manifesto states, it cannot be fully realized by subversion and infiltration only; both the plotters in the Kremlin and the plotters in the Pentagon are fully aware of this fact.

However, Russia and Red China are not yet in a position to carry out more drastic measures to attain their objective. What will happen

when the Communists reach economic parity with us is purely a matter for conjecture. Still, because of inherent conflicts of ideals and economy, it is reasonable to assume that coexistence could not last long. Then, too, both sides have been conducting an ever-accelerating armaments race since shortly after the Second World War. More and more of both economies is being devoted to the tools and administration of war. Sooner or later a point is going to be reached in one of the economies at which a war has to occur to avoid economic collapse. This was the case in Germany of 1939. Hitler had rebuilt Germany's economy on an explosive foundation of socialized munitions factories and had solved its unemployment problem by recruiting a vast army. Without war, there would have been no reason for Germany's economic structure to exist. If today's armaments race continues to accelerate, war will be inevitable for us, too. And if a war based on economic needs does come, it will not be a small, inexpensive tactical sortie.

However, before such an economic crisis does come to pass, there may be more probing with the added danger that one of these minor clashes could blossom forth into a full-fledged, nuclear fight to the finish. There are several factors to consider pertaining to this possibility: First, whether or not the police action would remain such would depend on the proximity of the scene of conflict to Russia and the United States. If the Russians decided to take over, say, Canada some Sunday, it would be a different matter from an unprovoked attack on Tibet. Second, U.S. public opinion would play a great part in the status of a minor war. The Spanish-American war was fought largely on the basis of a perhaps unjustifiably outraged American public opinion. Then, too, the Russians themselves would decide the importance of a small conflict by the amount of effort they put into it. The sad fact is, the U.S. could not win a serious tactical war. According to *U.S. News and World Report*, the Russian Army is much larger and more highly developed than ours. Russian tanks have long been far superior, and the Red Air Force is much more closely coordinated with the Army than is ours. As we hastily learned in World War II, a strong tactical air force is vital to the well-being of an army.

So, then, the possibility of a limited war depends on whether the Russians think they can attain their objectives in that way. However, the trends seem to indicate that there is a strong possibility that a major war may flare up, since it could come from three sources: an economic crisis, enlargement of a minor conflict, or the nervous pressing of a wrong button by an incompetent in a SAC bomber or on an ICBM launching pad.

Coexistence of Russia and the U. S. in their present forms will not be possible when parity is reached. This situation is intensified by economies which are becoming more and more founded on militarism. The conflict is coming, and whether it starts with a minor clash or is preceded only by a radar warning of ballistic missiles coming over the ice cap, the present situation will be resolved.

Never Buy a Sports Car

BRIAN L. WALLEN

Rhetoric 101, Theme A

I'M THROUGH . . . FINISHED . . . COMPLETELY OVER the sports car fad. I've got a great big hunk of "Detroit iron," and oddly enough I am happy with it, even with its finny rear-end and its pushbutton-laden dash. Once I cringed at these pieces of artistically bent sheet metal, but now I welcome them back with open arms.

This short-lived love all started some fourteen months ago when I was hit by the "sports car epidemic." Several of my friends had acquired the little creatures, and having driven several of the cars, I decided I couldn't live without one. After having secured the proverbial "act of Congress" from Mom and Dad, I started for the local imported car showroom. I wasn't allowed to buy a car from a salesman who worked in the used car lot, but a representative assisted me in making a selection from a group of vehicles which were housed in a salon. This representative, who incidentally was clad in a plaid sportcoat, sunglasses, and a beret, described the many attributes of his product. He explained how it was cellulosed (painted) and how the hood was erected. He then lifted the bonnet and explained the function of the parts of the engine—the carburetters, the sparking plugs, the dynamo, and other bits of miscellaneous engine equipment, the names of which he either mispronounced or called by very strange terms. He showed me how to change the tyres, how to operate the windscreen wipers and the demisters, how to read the rev-counter and the speedometer, and how to top up with oil, gas, and water. I managed to live through this ordeal, and some four hours after I had entered this honorable establishment, I drove away as the proud owner of the diminutive vehicle.

I was delighted with my purchase, and I virtually lived, slept and ate in it for days. Finally, however, I became aware of the wise remarks that were being made by some of my friends who were not enthusiasts, whereupon I entered the "clever sign stage." Everyone is no doubt familiar with these self-adhesive placards which display such bits of literary genius as, "HELP STAMP OUT DETROIT IRON," "MADE IN THE BLACK FOREST BY ELVES," or the most delightful of all, "YOU HAVE JUST BEEN PASSED BY 36 HORSEPOWER." The American car owner is always very quick to attempt to embarrass the sports car owner in front of a crowd. Upon finding that I had run out of gas one day, one of my friends remarked, "What's the matter? Did you forget to wind it up this morning?" I simply replied, "No. It seems as though I am a little short on gas. It is really very disgusting, too, because I just filled it up last month."

Having to live with these remarks every day did not lower my opinion of the little car; then one day I got caught in the rain for the first time. I can only say that the British must never consider that anyone might possibly be driving his car in the rain, for even with the top up, one wonders if a skin diver's outfit shouldn't be offered with the car as optional equipment.

Wintertime brings the only problem more uncomfortable to the sports car owner than a rainstorm. I could have gotten more heat from the continuous lighting of matches than from the pint-sized heater. I now realize why some people drive sports cars in the winter without a top, for it is nearly as warm with the top down as it is when it is erected.

Of the several grievances that come from owning a sports car, the worst are the dating disadvantages which the small car imposes. It is my considered opinion that bucket seats are not promotional to the advancement of the emotional relationship which develops between two members of opposite sexes. In plain words, you just can't neck at the drive-in.

But this is all in the past. Now with my gas-guzzling Detroit monster I am at least a warm, dry conformist, and I can enjoy the delightful company of girls.

My Future Professional Career

AIMEE MERRIAM

Rhetoric 101, Theme A

I FINISHED THE LAST OF MY THREE CHEESEBURGERS and two cokes. My eyes lingered on the last few lines of the first canto in Dante's *Inferno*. I pushed the book aside and took a sideways glance at my assignment notebook. "Oh my gosh!" I said to my roommate. "I still have that theme to write for rhetoric. It's on my future professional plans. That's a laugh. I feel too sick to do another thing. I'm going to bed."

"Maybe you're hungry," my roommate said sarcastically.

"Oh, go to sleep," I mumbled. I slipped between the sheets. The bed seemed especially soft and comforting that night, and before long I was in a deep slumber.

As I slept, my mind spun back through time and space. I was surrounded by a deep woods from which low, threatening sounds emerged. The forest seemed very familiar, but I could not remember when I had been there before. I probed my memory for the answer. This was Dante's wood of error. "This is all very strange," I thought. "I wonder if my Virgil will come." No one appeared. In the shadows of the woods, misty figures standing in endless lines became visible. "Why, that's me waiting in line

during freshman week. There are my friends, too. What's the meaning of all this?" I asked.

"Ah! tongue cannot describe how it oppressed,
This wood so harsh, dismal, and wild that fear
At thought of it strikes now into my breast,
So bitter it is, death is scarce bitterer."

To answer my question appeared a headless marble statue resembling an ancient orator in a carefully draped toga. I cannot really say that he was completely headless. The inappropriate faces of my various instructors would occasionally appear on top of its neck. The woods seemed to draw in around him. There was no turning back.

"So, you are going into the College of Fine and Applied Arts," he said.
"Do you know what you want to do with your education?"

"I don't know," I said. "I'm really lost. I want to paint, but does one need an education to paint? Would you please help me out of the wood of error?"

"Certainly. I will give you a course to follow. Be sure to read the directions carefully and do not get lost. The course will lead you out of the wood of error, but because there is no turning back now, you must follow the course through the Inferno. That is the only way." He handed me my course, which was inscribed on a little sheet of blue paper, and I began my journey.

Before long, the path through the woods ended, and I was standing in a large anteroom at the opposite end of which stood an immense gate. A confused, lamenting rabble, bearing resemblance to the freshmen art students, stood before the gate. Slowly the gate opened.

My blue guide sheet stated that I was in the first circle of Hell, Limbo. Sickly shadows glanced off the books lining the walls. I recognized the smoky silhouettes of the many "virtuous heathens" who were consigned to remain eternally in Limbo. How was I to get out? "You must read your way out," explained the paper. I sat down on a rock and pulled out about twenty volumes. The reading was tiresome, but it did not seem long before I was done. The walls instantly disappeared.

The descent into the second circle was easy. The inhabitants were being blown about forever by stormy winds.

"The abysmal tempest that can never sleep
Beats and besets them with its whirling sweep."

The dismal souls kept therein were frantically scrawling on their note pads. The tempest increased and they scrawled faster. The winds screamed, the scrawling continued, until a howling climax was reached. A gong vibrated and the scene vanished.

The next circle was a scene of sadistic humor. Shady forms lumbered about, supporting dead weights composed of "abused worldly goods." The heavy burdens were encased in portfolios.

"Do you know where you are going?" asked a voice beside me. It was my marble Virgil.

"I am going to get out of here," was my answer.

"How?" he asked.

"Why, I'm going to follow your directions," I answered.

"Do you know where the directions will lead you?"

"Back where I started, I guess."

"You are wrong. You can never go back. I'm taking you to Purgatory. If you wish to continue from there, you may find yourself in Paradisio someday. But that is very doubtful. Most artists spend their time in the obscurity of Purgatory. Very few are accepted into Paradisio."

I had been shown "spirits who are in pain and have no hope" and "spirits who through pain are come to bliss." There was no way of turning back. I could only go forward as far as possible in my span of life. I knew then that I was not lost. Years of pain and bliss were ahead. Above all, there would always be the hope of reaching a Paradisio.

In the morning I woke up refreshed without any doubts about my theme. A half-eaten cheeseburger still remained on my desk.

One Cent to Wealth

JOYCE JUCIUS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

WHEN WE WERE KIDS, THE CANDY STORE WAS A palace of the wonderful, the only place where a worn nickel could be exchanged for a handful of succulent sugars, which we savored until their sweet delicacy was gone. There we could lean on the finger-streaked, glass-topped counter, marveling at the array of paper parachutes, rainbow-tinted jaw breakers, licorice strips wound around a hard, red core, and cordial-filled wax shapes designed so that we could bite off the paraffin ear of a rabbit or the paraffin feet of a bear and drink the sugar nectar inside. The candy store was the only place to procure blue popsicles in winter and warm, fizzing soda in summer. There the older kids squatted on the outside step, sipping nickel sodas, and shoving us away as we tried to taunt them. To us the candy store encompassed all the glitter of barter and trade.

It was different to return there as an adult. I expected to be sentimental about the candy store. I wanted to place a penny coyly on the counter with

an embarrassed half-laugh, to receive a licorice stick, to become a child once again, to savor that licorice, to feel the flood of memories, to wander mentally through childhood, borne upon the opium of licorice. I wanted everything to be that way, expecting it with that maudlin desire so prevalent when one muses upon the past.

I approached the candy store hesitantly. I waited for that aura to surround me. I tried desperately to intoxicate myself with emotion. Certainly the candy store was there, but now the windows were dirty and the Coca-Cola signs were ugly with the faded bottles and the washed-out smiles. The steps where we had spent our evenings seemed only dirty slabs caked with chewing gum. A fat dog with heaving sides panted beside the step. It didn't stir as I stepped over it.

I entered the candy store and waited for the mingling odors to engulf me, the almost saccharine sweetness, the pungency of spice. Instead the rankness of old cigars and the acridity of over-boiled cabbage assailed me. The famous counter was battered, but Joe was still behind it, older, his bulbous nose now purple, wrinkles embedded in his flabby flesh. He scrutinized me. I stood in front of the counter and looked down as I had as a child. I even placed my fingertips on the counter, praying that by touch I could capture recollection. However, the once-magic treasures and the jewel colors were gone. The jaw breakers were damp; I wondered if anyone but a kid would care to spend an hour sucking one of those things only to reach the tart, cinnamon center. The penny balloons were powdered with dust. A ring on the counter outlined the place where a soda bottle had lain; a fly paused at the sticky syrup.

Joe had folded his arms over his paunch. He stared at me with a sour sneer. I in turn stared down at the licorice; a white crust had formed on it. I wished that that old, gripping hunger could overcome me, that candy alone could satisfy all my desires. I jingled the coins in my pockets—quarters, half-dollars. Joe mumbled angrily but incoherently.

I remembered how he had once been awe-inspiring, the epitome of the big merchant world, a man with a too-prominent nose, a tyrant as cruel as a fable king. I almost heard him yelling, telling us to clear out because he had to sweep, and I thought I heard the swoosh of his broom against our heels. I waited for him to snarl. I knew it would be comfortable to revel in melancholy musing. But, I couldn't. The candy was stale, and the parachutes were cheap 'Made in Japan' trinkets that needed an outlet. The store was filthy, and the very blueness of the blueberry popsicles was nauseating. Joe wasn't a mammoth; he was nothing but a guy who had moved into a small neighborhood and had opened a candy store. The neighborhood had outgrown him, but he was still there trying to eke out a living cent by cent. I tried to pity him, but I couldn't. There were lots of Joes, but there were also lots of kids.

I reached into my pocket for a dime and pointed to the gray licorice. "Ten." Joe pawed out ten lumps with his grimy hand, and he shoved them through the soda circle across the counter. "Ten cents." His upper lip curled distastefully. I dropped the dime on the counter; he snatched it and threw it into an open cigar box where it echoed against a few other coins. I walked out, the licorice gummy in my palm. I felt no aversion or distaste; I was cheated in emotion, but I was not concerned. I let the beaten screen door slam as we had feared to do as children. The black dog slitted its red eyes. I dropped a licorice stick before its leathery nose; it nuzzled the sweet and slept.

A kid with a grin skipped by. His fist was clenched, and he held a penny.

Definition of Prejudice

JAMES KRATZER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

PREJUDICE IS AN ATTITUDE. IT MAY BE RECOGNIZED by frustration on the part of the person holding this attitude when he tries to formulate a logical justification for his attitude. The following is an example of such faulty reasoning:

I know of a man who is a gangster. He is an Italian. Therefore all gangsters are Italians. Gangsters are evil. Therefore Italians are evil.

Since the basis for judging whether or not an attitude is a prejudice lies in the validity of its justification, whether an attitude is to be labelled a prejudice or not is a matter of subjective interpretation. One does not usually consider his own attitude one of prejudice because as a result of his ignorance he is satisfied by his rationalization. On the other hand, one whose viewpoint is opposed to another's is likely to call the other's attitude a prejudice, but if his view coincides with the other's, he will not disparage the other's reasoning. Consequently, to call an attitude a prejudice is to imply that the attitude is in error, though, strictly speaking, an attitude of prejudice may also lead to a correct and justifiable viewpoint.

All attitudes which are unjustifiable in the light of complete and accurate facts are not prejudices, however. The attitude which is formed by either correct or incorrect reasoning from inadequate facts or by incorrect reasoning from adequate facts is not prejudice; this is called simply an "error." The attitude which is formed contrary to the facts for the sake of being perverse and for no other consideration is not prejudice; this is called a

"whim." The distinguishing connotation of *prejudice* is implied in its prefix from the Latin *prae*, meaning *before*, and in its Latin root, *judicium*, meaning *judgment*—that is, *a judging before the facts*. The considerations which form the basis for the judgment may be any or all of the following: conformity to traditional or popular views; adversity to change; and selfishness, including covetousness, jealousy, and preservation of one's standing and possessions. No matter what facts are present, one's attitude may be *pre-determined* by these considerations; in such a case the attitude is termed a "prejudice."

Naples, the City of Sorrow

CHARLOTTE TATE

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

FROM MY HOTEL WINDOW, I GAZED DOWN UPON Naples. At night, it was veiled by darkness, and the lights shone gaily. How calm and content the city appeared. Yet, as I recalled the events of the day, I saw them in contrast to the peaceful night.

Early this morning, my friends and I had strolled through the streets, cameras in hand. The small sidewalks were crowded, filthy, and narrow. On both sides were walls of old, cracked yellow-stone buildings. Here, one saw peddlers pushing wares upon the multitudes of tourists. A young, dark-haired boy ran up to me and pinned a small flower on my dress. I thanked him and started to walk on, but he held my arm and stretched his open palm for money. I gave him some coins and hurried past. Farther down the street was a woman whose clothes were soiled and ragged. She carried a small child in one arm and begged with the other. This pitiful sight made me want to turn away, but I saw the baby and his red, feverish face. So once more I left a gift. We passed small shops where small, dark men with wrinkled hands and faces arranged straw baskets and colored postal cards for the customers. I could hear the many cries of the street: "Coca-Cola, ice-a cold-a Coca-Cola!" and "Rich Americano, rich Americano!"

As the sun began to go down beyond the bay, the peaceful beauty seemed to ease my depression. The red waters slowly turned grey and then black. And then darkness covered over all the turmoil of the day; the streets were silent except for the clip-clop of horses' hooves and a few buzzing motor-bikes. I watched and listened.

My reverie was broken as my friends burst into the hotel room, shouting, "Let's go get a pizza!"

I said, "Yes, let's go get a pizza."

Cigarettes and Beer — the Real Marks of Maturity

ELLEN FILURIN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

I AM SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD; I SMOKE CIGARETTES AND drink beer; I am a mature individual. These are the symbols of "growing up," so how much further can I progress? I am ready to take my place in society.

When I was very young, I sat in a corner and watched my family as they gathered around the television set in the evening. I knew they were adults because I saw them smoking one cigarette after another. The smoke, rising in the air in little spirals fascinated me. Some day I, too, would be old enough to indulge; my time would come.

My father was sitting with his feet propped up on a table, staring at the television. It was the last of the ninth inning with two men out, a man on third, and a full count on the batter. The score was tied at one to one, and there was ninety degrees of heat. There was a cold bottle of beer in my dad's hand that day, and little beads of water were dripping down the bottle, forming dark puddles on the living room rug. Every so often dad would jerkily lift the precious ambrosia to his lips and swallow a bit of it. This, I knew, was my ultimate goal in life, the real sign of maturity, drinking beer and smoking cigarettes.

Finally the time came. I felt I was old enough to sample these luxuries myself. The man at the drugstore was a little hesitant about selling cigarettes to me, but after I assured him that they were for my mother, he grudgingly shoved them over the counter. Half my battle was won.

Upon arriving at home, I crept stealthily into the house, tiptoed to the refrigerator, and snatched a cool, refreshing bottle of beer. What fun I had under the porch that afternoon!

Now I am in college and can get served anywhere. I sit in my room with a cigarette in one hand and a bottle in the other. My roommate tells me I cough too much, and it is hard for me to concentrate in my classes with my head throbbing so. But there is one compensation—I am seventeen years old; I smoke cigarettes and drink beer. I have reached the height of maturity at a very early age. This is something not many people achieve.

Union News

BERNADETTE LONDAK

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

UNION COUNCIL — 7/46/4008 — THE UNION OF G-TYPE Stellar Systems last night considered a modified ancient proposal for the solution of overpopulation. Since the Union's formation, the excess populations from crowded member systems have been distributed among sparsely populated Union members. A "temporary" procedure, the plan has continued until, at present, all regions are crowded. The Council has continually had to pacify the original inhabitants of the areas who have become dissatisfied with the transplants. Over-crowding causes the friction.

A historian of the Independent Research Foundation, who wished to remain anonymous, transplanted a suggestion from Atomic Age English of System Sol and presented it to the Union Council. Briefly the article suggested that men adjusted to their advances in the sciences which prolonged life by developing "aggressive personalities" resulting in wars which caused thousands of deaths. These wars also "stimulated scientific accomplishments," stabilized economic trends, and "instigated new philosophies."

Modifying the suggestion, the Council considered abolishing intervention in the differences between transplants and natives, thereby allowing small wars to develop. One stipulation would be enforced. Participation in the resulting conflicts must be limited to those people who have infirmities, and of those, only people whose weaknesses are non-hereditary would be allowed to participate. Many maimed, though healthy people will be killed, thereby reducing populations and relieving tension caused by crowded conditions. Yet those who transmit infirmities to the next generation, causing weaklings who will live shortened lives, will not be endangered. Neither will the fit population, who assure the Union of a perfect core population, be reduced.

"The ancient prophet warns, 'Admittedly war is a ghastly and terrifying reality.' A revival of this forgotten reality seems to be a return to a savage solution for our population excess, but the suggested adaptation of the principle is a saving factor," announced the Union sub-president.

“To Thy Happy Children of the Future Those of the Past Send Greetings”¹

DONNA MAY SHAPIRO

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

ON THE FOURTH FLOOR OF LINCOLN HALL AT THE University of Illinois is a Classics Museum. Within its four walls are remnants of past civilizations — statues from ancient Egypt, dioramas of old Norseland, jewelry from the iron age, and paintings from several ages; but of all these objects of beauty and age, one is outstanding — the little drinking fountain way off in the corner. Its importance stems not from the liquid refreshment which issues from it, nor from its artistic beauty, but from what it represents — the twentieth century.

No civilization can or should get entirely away from the past, for in it lies the foundation for the future; however, no civilization should depend upon its past, or it will never find the future. The future is what we shall establish, and the future is what we should look to as a guide. No one ever went forward while looking backward. As it was impossible for the museum to eliminate an invention of the twentieth century, so it should be impossible for the children of the ages to eliminate the present.

That little drinking fountain may very well be the “Fountain of Youth” which Ponce de Leon spent his lifetime searching for. One need only turn a handle and the life-giving fluid streams forth. What can be more remarkable?

With so much beauty in the museum, few visitors notice the fountain, and fewer can see the message it carries. If more would stop and think about it, less time might be spent reminiscing about the glories of the past, and more time might be spent on the days to come.

¹ These words are inscribed on the Alma Mater Statue at the University of Illinois.

XANADU LITERARY MAGAZINE
WANTS YOUR POEMS, ESSAYS, STORIES, AND EXCERPTS
Manuscripts should be left at 109 English Building

All persons interested in joining the Xanadu Editorial Staff should leave their home phone numbers either in Mr. Rueckert's or Mr. Fumento's mailbox in 109 English Building.

Rhet as Writ

The Okies were all working desperately for money to eat.

A student should be very careful of spelling when writting a theme.

We have just compelted the removal of an automobile tire. The wheel may then be taken to a person qualified in the repair of whatever substance the tire was made of and the trouble can be rectified.

Years ago nearly everyone lived on a farm due to the fact that there were not as many big cities.

His fingers clutched the steering wheel in a vice-like grip.

If students in Russia can't learn, they are put to work in rice patties.

How does one know he doesn't like champagne if he's only had beer and piazza.

Minneapolis is literally the "cereal bowel" and "flour can" of our country.

Body health helps in keeping the body in a healthy condition.

Are you proud of the gay, youthful, socially excepted leader of the future?

The life of Porgy and Bess started when they were young, in the early days.

The Contributors

Mary Caroline Conour—East Richland High, Olney

Mary Dwyer—Pecatonica

William S. Plank—Taft, Chicago

Stanley Anderson—Blue Island Community

Donald Fox—Bicknell, Indiana

John Read—Lyons Township

Brian L. Wallen—Rantoul

Aimee Merriam—Bethesda, Md.

Joyce Jucius—J. Sterling Morton, Cicero

James Kratzer—Springfield

Charlotte Tate—University High, Urbana

Ellen Filurin—Sullivan, Chicago

Donna May Shapiro—Senn, Chicago

Bernadette Londak—Mercy, Chicago

THE WINNERS

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes in the first issue of the *Caldron*:

First: Audrey Mead, "Oh Come, Let Us Adore Him"

Second: Ilmar Waldner, "The Eccentric"

Third: Sandra Bartholmey, "The Rock"

Fourth: (tie) John H. Williams, "The Athlete"

Robert Hoehn, "The Canals of Mars"

PRIZES

The editors are pleased to announce that this year prizes will be given for the five best themes in each issue of the *Caldron*. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of prizes is as follows:

FIRST: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books.

SECOND: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books.

THIRD: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books.

FOURTH: Five dollars worth of books.

FIFTH: Five dollars worth of books.



We wish to thank the following bookstores for
their generosity in providing prizes:

CAMPUS BOOK STORE

FOLLETT'S COLLEGE BOOK STORE

ILLINI UNION BOOK STORE

U. OF I. SUPPLY STORE (THE "CO-OP")